

I don't know what one calls

Things done in the hope of getting a reward  
Or things done to escape a punishment,

But love and goodness  
Are not parts of it.

## Passage

### *f i v e*

We cannot come to the Father out of fear,  
But only out of love for Him.

The love of life, in all its forms,  
And in all of us, is the love of Him,

For He is the life in all.

We do not need  
To try to comprehend Him

In all of His magnificence.

Our glimpses of Him  
In these places and these parts,

In these instances and moments,  
In each and every one of us,

Are Him up close.

*Him Up Close*

I had sat and listened  
To the preacher preach his version  
Of we die and go to heaven or to hell

And let this be a warning to us all and I  
Was looking forward to the funeral being over.

And then he asked if any in attendance had a story  
They would like to share

And a woman seated near me stood.

She said Rick had been her mother's  
Next door neighbor many years.

She told of how often it had been  
She had asked her mother if

She needed help with this or that,  
And had been told that Rick

Had taken care of it already.

She told us that one evening  
She had been visiting her mother,

And they had been sitting on the front porch.

When it came time for her to leave,  
She told her mother she needed to go in,

Because it had gotten dark  
And she didn't want to leave her out alone.

Her mother told her not to worry;  
That Rick was out, sitting on his porch.

She knew because there was a certain light  
He always kept on until he went in.

Her mother told her  
Rick always kept an eye on her

And he would always holler over,  
"Faye, time to go in now. I'm going in."

I did not know Rick well.  
He was the brother of a friend.

He was a big guy with a gentle way  
Who had raised some hell  
In his younger days,

From what I understood.

I feel confident in saying, though,  
That it never entered into Rick's mind

That in loving his neighbor  
He was doing something

To get himself to heaven  
Or to avoid a punishment in hell.